

# Mountain

# Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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## MISCELLANEOUS. Romance in Real Life.

Most, or all of our readers, must have heard of the romantic episode in the lives of the parents of the celebrated Thomas A. Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury—being no less a circumstance than that the father of the Archbishop went to fight the Infidel Saracens in the Holy Land; and while there, was wounded, taken prisoner and was nursed by a beautiful young female pagan, who, like most young warrior nurses, fell desperately in love with the object of her attention and solicitude. After the elder Becket sailed from the Holy Land for England, she became absolutely inconsolable at his departure, and a short time afterwards she secretly left her father's house, with a little money and a few jewels, went to Acre, took her passage in a ship bound for England, landed in London, and although she could not speak a word of the language, except the name of the being she loved, and only knew a part of this, viz: that his christian name was Thomas,—she went crying that word through the streets of the great city until she found him—soon after which they married.

Singular as the above story seems, we have to record one almost equally singular and romantic. As one of our fast sailing vessels was dropping down the Mersey, with a fair wind and tide, for N. Y. the hands on board observed a small sail boat in the river, astern of the ship, containing a party of pleasure, which was upset by a squall. The ship's yards were braced round, her topsails backed, and a boat lowered, which made for the party in the water. They were all rescued except a young lady, who becoming separated from the rest, was carried down the river by the rapidity of the tide, and must inevitably have been lost, had it not been for the watchfulness and impetuosity of the mate of the ship, who jumped into the fore chains, dropped into the water, swam to the drowning girl, and being a strong young man, supported her till the boat came and took them both up. She was taken on board the ship, (which was hoisted) until she recovered, when the rescued party were ultimately landed. Strange to say, the parties all separated without the name of the vessel or any of the people being made known to the rescued parties; and the ship was soon under way for N. York. On her return to Liverpool, the mate, who was a fine, handsome fellow, and who had not failed to observe, during their short acquaintance, that the lady he had rescued was a very beautiful young woman—thought it might not be much amiss to endeavor to find her out, and enquire after her health. With this object in view, he hurried over a pile of old papers, and discovered that on such a day, 1847, a party of pleasure in a sail boat, including Miss Mary —, had been rescued from a watery grave by the crew of a vessel bound out; but as some forty (which had been wind bound, sailed the same day, the name of the vessel was not known. On making further inquiries, he found that the young lady's brother (a surgeon) was one of the rescued people, and they had left Liverpool and gone to reside in the country. He obtained leave of absence from the ship, and without any chart or compass to steer by, he mounted a horse and rode out of town towards Warrington. He had not proceeded half a dozen miles, before his horse took fright, ran off and threw him violently on the head. He was taken up senseless, and carried to the nearest house, which fortunately happened to be the surgeon's. He lay some days in a critical state, & the first object that met his vision on regaining his senses, was the form of the fair Mary above alluded to, seated by his bed side, bathing his temples and officiating as his nurse. She blushed deeply on perceiving that he recognized her, and hastily leaving the room sent in her brother, and an older but less agreeable nurse. Finding him still too weak to converse, they assured him that he was with friends, deeply sensible of their indebtedness to him, and who were but too happy to have it in their power to contribute to his comfort. He was now convalescent, and sinking into a sound sleep they left him. He awoke very late the next day, much refreshed; but as neither the host nor the sister made their appearance, he inquired for them, and learned that they had both been called up in the night, and had gone some distance to attend the dying bed of a near relative. Not thinking it necessary to explain to the old nurse, he did not tell her whom he was, but waited anxiously for the re-appearance of Mary, whom he had already begun to feel an inexplicable interest for. The next day he was surprised by the visit of his captain, who stated that the horse had found his way back to the livery stable without a rider, which the owner reported to the ship; he

had tried to find out what had become of the mate, but could not until that very day, when he had heard at an inn that a sailor had been hurt, and was lying at T——'s. The captain added that the ship had been suddenly ordered to sea, had taken in her cargo, and was ready to sail with that afternoon's tide. There being no time to lose, the mate wrote a letter to the surgeon, which he left unsealed on the table, and in which he said all that was necessary, including an intention to revisit them on his next voyage; a carriage was procured, and he, though feeble, went to Liverpool, and that evening sailed in his old vessel for New York. The letter left by the mate, unfortunately, was never received by those for whom it was intended, being as was believed, obtained, read and destroyed, by a young lawyer, who had made Mary an offer of marriage, & been refused, but still visited the house.— Thus, on their return home, Mary and her brother were still without the least clue to their local habitation or name of their preserver, with this exception, that the lawyer in the course of an incidental conversation, had sneeringly observed, that the mate was a "poor weak yankee," but denied knowing his name.

Mary fretted and pined away, and at last took to her bed, for almost unconsciously she had become deeply attached to the sailor; her illness at last assumed a serious character, and it being evident that she could not survive long unless she saw the object of her affections, her brother at her urgent request, took ship for North America, and landed in Boston, whence they came on to New York. The passage, and the hope of meeting one whom she loved, restored her to comparative health and strength, and they put up at a private boarding house in Pearl street.— Thus had Mary travelled double the distance of Becket's mother, without knowing either the christian or surname of her beloved. In the meantime the mate arrived in New York, was transferred to the command of a merchantman in the southern trade, was cast away, fell ill, wrote to Europe, his letter miscarried; he sailed himself for England, went to the surgeon's house, was told all about Mary, and that she had sailed about seven days before his arrival, for Boston. He took passage in the first vessel, came on to N. York, and without knowing that they were in the house, actually put up at the same place, and slept beneath the same roof with Mary and her brother. In the morning, when he descended to the breakfast table, where he found the family already assembled, the first object that met his view on entering the room, was the form of the fair traveller. She saw his face—uttered no exclamation, but sprang from her seat toward him, and would have fallen, had he not rushed forward and caught her in his arms, exclaiming "Good God, Mary, is this you?" as she fainted away. When she recovered, mutual explanations and greetings took place, and we are happy to say, that they were married, and set off the same evening to spend the honeymoon at Albany, and by this time, doubtless, know one another as well as though they had been acquainted for years.

## Chemistry of the Stars.

This singular head forms the subject of an article in the British Quarterly. The design of it is to show that the forms of life existing in this world are not repeated in the other planets and heavenly bodies.— The article is destined to be read with unusual interest. The data from which it reasons, are the variety in weight, superficial phenomena, forms and color of the heavenly bodies. It is shown to be impossible that a system of animal and vegetable life, resembling that of our globe, can exist on any of them. The dry and rugged surface of the moon, volcanic, yet without sea and without atmosphere, the varying quality of sidereal light, and the chemical poverty of meteorites or air-stones, as far as their component substances have been discovered by analysis, are among the data on which it is argued that the stars are not telluric, that they do not resemble the earth in their composition, and, therefore, that life must be otherwise associated and sustained on the surface of those orbs, if it exists at all, than on ours.

The chemistry of the stars, it is inferred, must differ from the chemistry of the earth; the grandeur of the universe and the grandeur of Omnipotence are not observed, but vastly illustrated by this general fact of diversity, a diversity that is already seen to surpass all previous thought and all possible conception. Yet there may be as wide a range of vital as of chemical diversity, and the reasons of analogy urged in behalf of the hypothesis that the stars are inhabited, are in no way invalidated by the discovery that they are not—or that many of them are not—adapted to the sustentation of such living beings as dwell on the surface of our earth.

## Scientific Wonders

The general faith in science as a wonder-worker is at present unlimited; and along with this there is cherished the conviction that every discovery and invention admits of a practical application to the welfare of men. Is a new vegetable product brought to this country from abroad, or a new chemical compound, or a nominal physical phenomenon recorded: the question is immediately asked, *cui bono?* What is it good for? Is food or drink to be got out of it? Will it make hats or shoes, or cover umbrellas? Will it kill or heal? Will it drive a steam engine or make a mill go? And truly this *cui bono* question has of late been so satisfactorily answered, that we cannot wonder that the public should persist in putting it, somewhat eagerly, to every discoverer and inventor, and should believe that if a substance has one valuable application, it will prove, if further investigated, to have a thousand. Gutta serena has not been known in this country ten years; and already it would be more difficult to say what purposes it had not been applied to, than to enumerate those to which it has been applied. Gun cotton had not proved in the saddest way its power to kill, before certain ingenious Americans showed that it has a remarkable power of healing, and forms the best sticking-plaster for wounds. Surgeons have not employed ether and chloroform as anaesthetics for three years; and already an ether steam engine is at work in Lyons, and a chloroform engine in London. Of other sciences we need scarcely speak. Chemistry has long come down from her arctic altitudes and elective affinities, and now scours and dyes, bakes, brews, cooks, and compounds drugs with contented composure.—Electricity leaves her thunderbolt in the sky, and, like Mercury dismissed from Olympus, acts as letter-carrier and message-boy. Even the mysterious magnetism, which once seemed a living principle to quiver in the compass needle, is unclothed of mystery, and set to driving turning lathes.—The public perceive all these and has unlimited faith in man's power to conquer nature. The credulity which formerly fed upon unicorns, phoenixes, mermaids, vampires, krakens, pestilential comets, fairies, ghosts, witches, spectres, charms, curses, universal remedies, pactions with Satan, and the like, now tapers with chemistry, electricity, and magnetism as it once did with the invisible world. Shoes of swiftness, seven league boots, and Fortunatus' wishing caps, are banished even from the nursery; but an electro-magnetic steam fire balloon, which will cleave the air like a thunderbolt, and go as straight to its destination as the crow flies, is an invention which many hope to see realized, before railways are quite worn to pieces. A sunb' full of the new manure, about to be patented, will fertilize a field; and the same amount of the new explosive will dismantle the fortifications of Paris. By means of the fish-tail propeller to be shortly laid before the Admiralty, the Atlantic will be crossed in three days.—*Edinburgh Review.*

## Talent and Industry.

More is to be expected from laborious mediocrity than from the erratic efforts of wayward genius. There may be a harlequin in the mind as well as in body; and I always consider him to be of this character, who boasted he could throw off a hundred verses while standing on one leg; it is not to such a source as this we are indebted for good poetry. Demosthenes elaborated sentence after sentence; and Newton rose to the heavens by the steps of geometry, and said, at the close of his career, that it is only in the habit of patient thinking he was conscious of differing from other men.

It is generally thought that men are signalized more by talent than by industry; it is felt to be a vulgarizing of genius to attribute it to anything but direct inspiration from heaven; they overlook the steady and persevering devotion of mind to one subject. There are higher and lower walks in scholarship, but the highest is the walk of labor. We are often led into the contrary opinion by looking at the magnitude of the object to its finished state—such as the Principia of Newton and the pyramids of Egypt—without reflecting on the gradual, continuous, yet almost creeping progress, by which they grew into objects of the greatest magnificence in the literary and physical world.

In the one case indeed, we may fancy the chisel that wrought each successive stone, but in the other we cannot trace the process by which the philosopher was raised from one landing place to another, till he soared on his towering elevation; it seems as if the work was produced at the bidding of a magician. But Newton has left as a legacy the assurance, that he did not attain his elevation by dint of hea-

ven-orn inspiration, out of reach of many but by dint of homely virtue within the reach of all.

## The Present Age.

The present has been denominated a "money getting age," an age in which men are more devoted to riches than to reason and philosophy. Hence some moralists pronounce it an age of "Selfishness," while yet others have called it an age of "Practicality," as distinguished from that age when men worshipped the beautiful and the lovely, to the neglect of the more substantial elements of practical usefulness.

This much is true. The present is an age in which men think and act for themselves. He who flourishes builds himself—and is the treasurer of the rewards of his own toils—his own industry. Hence there is a strong and powerful motive weighing upon every mind endowed with any tolerable share of ambition, to make a forward march in whatever enterprise he may engage. Although the customs, fashions, and stale practicalities of the present age, may be regarded as objectionable in a certain sense, as tending to decoy public attention away from the pursuits of science and philosophy, to offer up its more fervent devotions to the God of wealth; yet we think we can clearly discern in the wonder-working influences of the present generation, powerful and irresistible motives to active diligence and industry in every practical science of the age, and in so much of the philosophy as is made practically subservient to the wants and convenience of man in his schemes of invention, and in all the moving spheres of improvement. What shall we say, then? Shall we condemn the spirit of the present age? No! But let us improve upon it; let us hold it in check, and if philosophy and science are forgotten or neglected in the race of riches, let us carry them forward, and bring them before the public mind, and claim for them that share of public attention, which shall comport with the lofty bearing and influence which they control over men and manners in the social, civil, and domestic circles of society, notwithstanding the many objectionable features and unfavorable inclinations, in the spirit of the present age. Yet it is probable that we can point no era in the world's history where principles of progress, and the spirit of enterprise, and rigid, constant perseverance, harmonized better, or were more beautifully exemplified, than at present.— Although we charge upon the present the weighty objection of being the age of practicalities, yet they are practicalities of a civilized kind, borrowed from philosophy, science and religion—the power and influence of which is spread out on the wings of the wind, and wafted to every land, and over every sea on the face of all the earth.—*Princeton Herald.*

MAN has the power of imitating every motion but of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-three in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has four hundred and thirty-four muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, ninety-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute. The wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly fifty-four miles an hour, and a Canary falcon can even reach a greater distance in that space of time. A violent wind travels sixty miles an hour, sound one thousand one hundred and forty-two feet in a second.

DR. WEBSTER IN JAIL.—We learn that Dr. Webster has made frequent complaints to Mr. Andrews the jailor, that the occupants of the cells in his immediate vicinity are in the habit of shouting out to him at nights, uttering all sorts of unkind epithets, such as "You're the man that cut up Dr. Parkman," "You're a murderer," "You're a blood-thirsty scoundrel," &c., &c. Mr. Andrews had no other knowledge of this matter except what he heard from Dr. Webster. He one night placed two men in the passage way that leads to the cells, where they remained until morning, but heard no unusual or unpleasant noises.— The day following this the doctor repeated his complaint to Mr. Andrews, saying that "last night the same outrages had been repeated;" Mr. Andrews knowing this not to be true, of course concludes that the doctor's imagination is so wrought upon, or that his dreams are of such an unpleasant character as to produce in some degree mental aberration. Dr. Webster has lost much of the buoyancy of spirit that sustained him when he first became an inmate of the jail.—*Boston Mail.*

## The Union Dissolved!

A movement in favor of the Dissolution of the Union has begun in Boston, among the ultra Abolitionists. The following petition is now in circulation among the people of Massachusetts, and is warmly advocated by the Abolition organ, the Boston Liberator:

### DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts: The undersigned, inhabitants of the town of —, in this State, deeply impressed with the necessity, duty and importance of such an act, earnestly request that you will immediately call a convention of the people of this Commonwealth, to determine what measures shall be taken to effect a peaceful secession from the American Union, for some one of the following reasons:

1. Because a portion of the citizens of Massachusetts, solely on account of the color of the skin which it has pleased an All-wise creator to bestow upon them, on visiting the Southern States, are seized, thrust into prison, fined, condemned to work with felons in the chain-gang, and frequently sold on the auction block as slaves, in contempt of the sovereignty of the State, and in utter disregard of that clause in the United States Constitution which declares, "The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens of the several States."

2. Because perfectly legal measures to bring these outrages to the notice of the federal courts are forbidden by severe penal enactments; and the agents of the Commonwealth, specially deputed for this purpose, have been driven back with insult and violence; the federal government being appealed to in vain, through Congress, for redress.

3. Because it is morally degrading, politically disastrous, and a glaring paradox, for a State glorying in its freedom, to be in partnership with States glorying in their slavery.

4. Because, by the alliance of the North with the South, the slave power has been enabled to acquire the immense territories of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New Mexico, and California, and is now plotting for the annexation of the Island of Cuba, mainly for the purpose of extending and perpetuating its supremacy.

5. Because, by the compromise of the United States' Constitution, Southern slaveholders are allowed a slave representation in Congress; the right to hunt and seize their fugitive slaves on the soil of Massachusetts; and, to demand in cases of emergency, the aid of Massachusetts to suppress slave insurrections. And, so long as the people of this Commonwealth consent to these compromises, so long will they be morally and politically responsible for all the cruelties and horrors of the slave system.

## From the Baltimore Argus. An important item for the Pig Iron Panic Makers.

Three or four days ago, we fell in company with an old friend, who is now extensively engaged in the manufacture of iron. Being a little inquisitive on this subject at this particular time, we questioned him about his business, and were both amazed and gratified at receiving this answer: "Tariff, or no Tariff, high duties or low duties, I am bound to make money by manufacturing pig iron, because I have adopted the right course to do it, and with me there is 'no such word as fail.' Although my ore is transported near a hundred miles, and my coal not very convenient to my furnace, I can make iron at a cost of eighteen dollars a ton. I now dispose of it at twenty-five dollars a ton, and I neither ask nor desire more. If present prices continue, I am bound to realize a fortune in quite a reasonable time."

This is the kind of talk we like, and for the information of our readers, we will say that this iron master is a Democrat, and carries on his business at Havre-de-grace. He commenced the mining business in the neighborhood of this city, some years ago, with scarcely a dollar in his pocket, and by dint of industry and enterprise soon accumulated money enough to become the owner in part of an iron furnace. He says the cause of the failure of many of our iron men, is their very expensive and extravagant mode of living—most of them driving their blood-horses and riding in costly equipage to the field of their business operations, instead of taking it on foot, or on a plain fifty dollar nag, as he does. Thus, is the secret of their failure, says he, and the contrary course the secret of his success. He wants no Tariff, whilst prohibitory tariffs would not benefit the riotous and extravagant liver.

He gives it as his opinion that the Pennsylvanians, with all their conveniences and facilities, could make iron some

five dollars the ton cheaper than he can, and he cannot account for their complaint, or "the depressed condition of the iron interest" there, except by supposing that they expend one hundred dollars in their families, where ten more than would suffice. Let the iron panic-makers everywhere, take note of this. It is no wig-kicker, but the solid truth plainly and soberly told. If they want any more evidence from his lips, of the prosperity that will attend the iron master of reasonable desires and ordinary economy and prudence, we can, no doubt, prevail upon him to speak to them over his own signature and also to give them a few lessons which will be of infinite service to them if they will open their ears to his counsel.

## To the Honorable, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:—

At a Convention of the Editors of Pennsylvania, held at Harrisburg on the 1st inst., the undersigned were appointed a committee to memorialize your honorable bodies, for the passage of an act permitting the free circulation of newspapers within the Congressional District where they are printed.— The passage of such an act is asked by the people of every section of the Commonwealth. Under existing laws, taxing newspapers for any distance, however short, and allowing the city papers to be carried and distributed gratuitously outside of the mails, the citizens resident in the interior of the State are subject to an onerous taxation, and the Country Press is seriously injured. Such a clog upon the dissemination of useful and general intelligence should not be suffered to exist. No undue advantage should be extended to one portion of the public press at the expense of another.— The general education of the people, being one of the chief aims of our institutions, the postage law of our country should be framed upon a liberal and enlightened basis, and believing that this object cannot be accomplished under existing laws, and that the present system of postage is unjust in the extreme, we humbly petition your honorable body for redress.

The following are the committee whose names are attached to the above memorials.

- W. H. Hutter, Easton Argus.
- A. R. McClure, Juniata Sentinel.
- Josiah Core, Easton Democrat.
- H. J. Walters, True Democrat, Lewis-town.
- N. Strickland, Republican & Democrat.
- J. Nelson Smith, Mountain Echo.
- T. T. Worth, Lebanon Courier.
- Isaac G. McKinley, Democratic Union, Harrisburg.
- Theo. Fenn, Penn. Telegraph, Harrisburg.
- James Clark, Journal, Huntingdon.
- J. B. Bratton, American Volunteer.
- H. A. Misch, Franklin Intelligencer.
- Jerome K. Boyer, American Democrat, Carlisle.
- M. D. Holbrook, Lancasterian, Lancaster.
- J. L. Ringwalt, Monroe Democrat.
- John C. Seltzer, Lebanon Democrat, Lebanon.
- Alex. McKeever, Upland Union, Del. co.
- W. P. Copper, Juniata Register.
- Jonah P. Hettrich, Easton Whig.
- E. Beatty, Herald & Expositor, Carlisle.
- George Fryinger, Lewistown Gazette.
- H. S. Evans, Village Record.
- J. M. Cooper, Valley Spirit, Chambersburg.
- Geo. W. Hammersly, Union & Tribune, Lancaster.

## Boston Statistics and Finances.

The new city authorities of Boston were installed on Monday, Mayor Bigelow's report gives a summary of the city's affairs. The following are the principal statistics: Public schools, 107; pupils in attendance, 20,000; cost for instruction, fuel, repairs, &c., \$334,114. Yearly mortality of the city, 5,080. The cemeteries of the city are full and new burying ground is asked for. The expense of the Police and watch departments for the year was \$113,000. The water works when carried to East Boston, will have cost \$1,510,000.

The city debt exclusive of that contracted for water, amounted, on the 31st day of December, to \$1,623,563. It is estimated by the auditor that the debt, even if unanticipated expenditure shall be authorized, will amount at the close of the financial year, (30th of April) to the sum of \$1,726,803.

A single stroke of an axe is of little consequence, yet by continual application of that small power, properly directed, what amazing effects are produced!— The sturdy oak and lofty pine do not simply own its power, but whole forests lie before it, and the wilderness becomes a garden.

Industry, well directed, will give man a competency in a few years. The greatest industry misapplied is useless.